

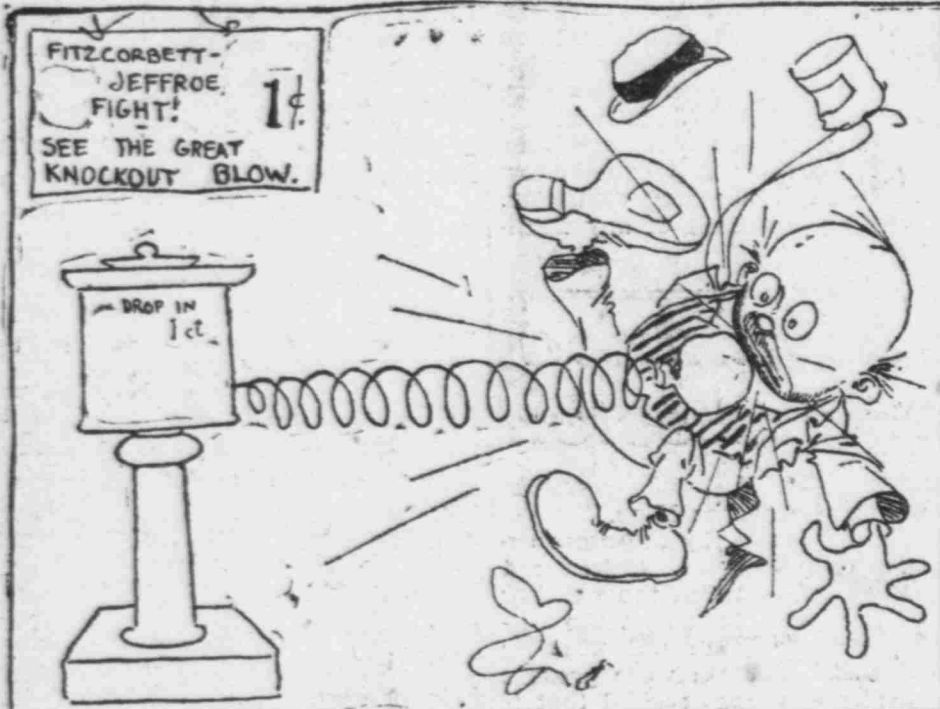
HE SAW IT.



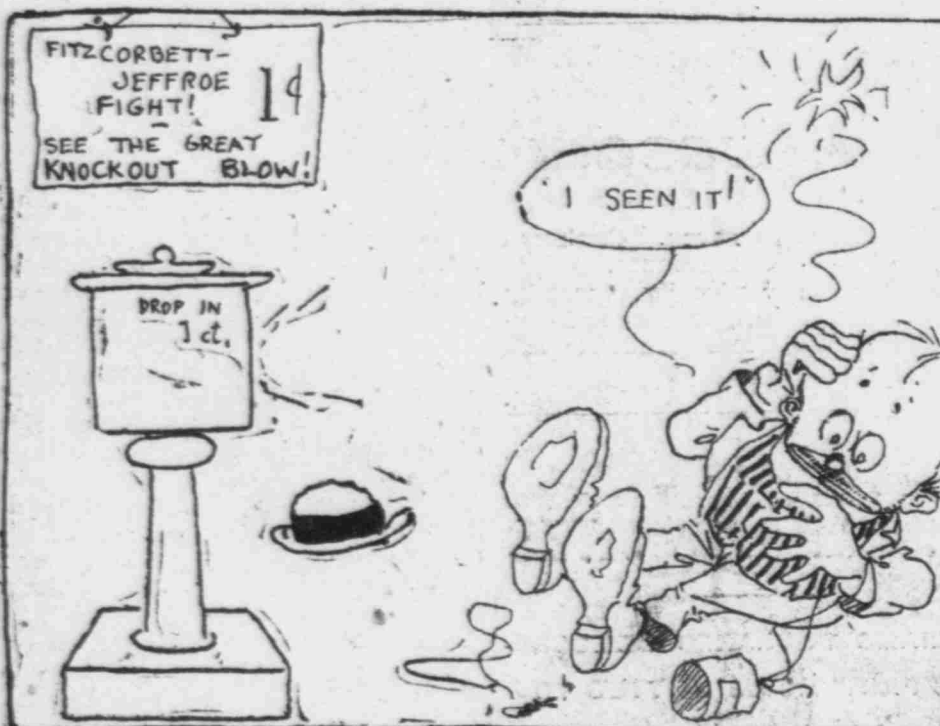
ONE.



TWO.



THREE.



FOUR.



VERY PLAIN.

Ethel—She's 40 if she's a day. I can read it between the lines.
Edward—What lines?
Ethel—Those on her face.



"NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."



TRUE.

"Woman is a puzzle."
"That's right. When she looks at you, you don't know whether she's admiring you or thinking how homely you are."

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

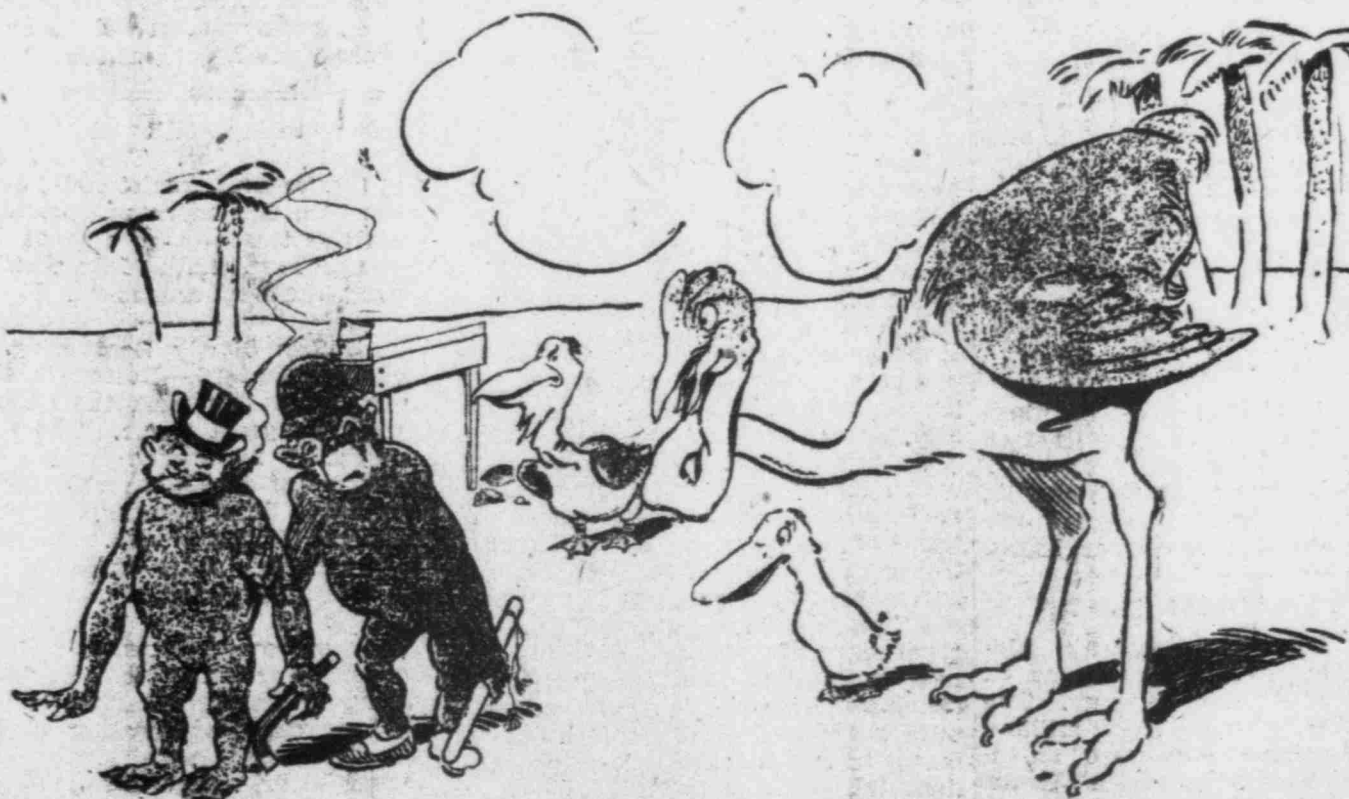
Mrs. Newbridge—Of course, you'll write to me every day while you are away?
Newbridge—Sure, pet, I've the letters already written.

SHAVE
10¢



SOME OTHER DAY.

Barber—Have a hair cut, sir?
Baldhead—No, not today; you see I didn't bring my hair with me.



Ostrich: "What did you pull him for, Jocko?"
Officer: "Well, you see, he was running that shell game over there, and we are getting tired of that monkey business."



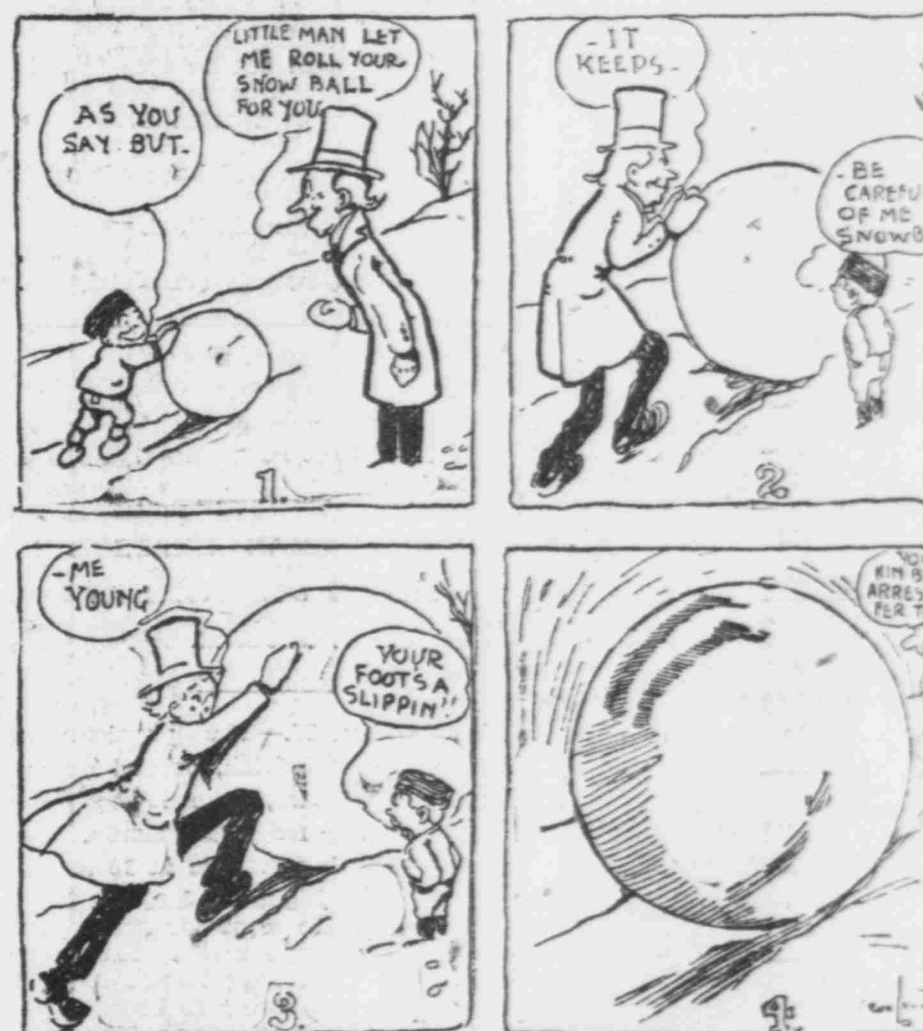
SHE OUGHT TO KNOW.

Miranda—How do you know the book is not a fit one for me to read? Have you read it?
Aunt Priscilla—Well, I should say I have! I have read it three times, my dear.



PUZZLE PICTURE.

Needles and pins, needles and pins.
When a man marries his trouble begins.
Where is his wife?



THE SPRIGHTLY FABLE OF THE ACCUMULATIVE SNOWBALL.
Moral—Try not to become young again, even if your spirits are skittish.



NOT USED TO IT.

Silas Sourapple—Is this the pleasant expression you want?
Photographer—Er—y-e-s.
Silas Sourapple—Well, hurry up; it hurts my face.